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THE OECONOMY OF LOVE: A POETICAL ESSAY.

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THE OECONOMY OF LOVE: A POETICAL ESSAY.

[By John Armstrong, M. D.]

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THE OECONOMY OF LOVE.

THY bounties, *Love*, in thy ſoft raptures when
Timelieſt the melting Pairs indulge, and how
Beſt to improve the genial joy, how ſhun
The ſnakes that under flow'ry pleaſure lurk,
I ſing: If thou fair *Cytherea* deign

Gracious to ſmile on my attempt. Tho' Thou
None of the Muſes nine, yet oft on Thee
The Muſes wait, oft gambol in thy train,
Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy *Boy* behind,
Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen* raiſe
Aloft thy ſacred torch. Your Gifts I ſing.

YE Youths and Virgins, when your generous blood
Has drunk the warmth of fifteen Summers, now
The Loves invite; now to new rapture wakes
The finiſh'd Senſe: While ſtung with keen Deſire
The madd'ning Boy his baſhful Fetters burſts;
And, urg'd with ſecret Flames, the riper Maid,
Conſcious and ſhy, betrays her ſmarting Breaſt.

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains
An equal progreſs. This with kindly warmth
Concocts to manly vigour ſtrait, while That
Pines crude and chill, and ſcarce at laſt attains
Imperfect Life. Some ſlight their varniſh'd Steed,
And (wond'rous Inſtinct!) bent on manlier Sport,
Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they ſay,
Roſe brawny from his cradle, while the ſnakes
Hung hiſſing round him, horrible and fell,
Sent by enrag'd *Saturnia* to deſtroy
Her Rival's Hope: The mighty Infant graſp'd
His ſpeckled Foes, and ſmiling daſh'd them down
To Hell, their native clime; the ſpumy gore
Blotted the frighted pavement. Early thus
Was future Chivalry preſag'd.——Meantime

Others ſlow ripen: Men there are who ſcarce
Feel the firſt thrillings of untaught deſire,
While pallid Maids ſcarce ruminate on Man,
Till twenty; well if then. It boots thee much
To ſtudy the Complexion, much the Clime,
And Habitudes of Life. Meanwhile with me
Credit theſe Signs. The Boy may wreſtle, when
Night-working Fancy ſteals him to the arms
Of Nymph oft wiſh'd awake, and, 'mid the rage
Of the ſoft Tumult, every turgid Cell
Spontaneous diſembogues its lucid ſtore,
Bland and of azure tinct. Nor envy Thou
Waking fruition while ſuch happy dreams
Viſit thy ſlumbers; livelieſt then the touch
Thrills to the Brain, with all ſenſations elſe

Unſhaken, unſeduc'd. The Maid demands
The dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breaſts
Wanton exuberant and tempt the touch,
Plump'd with rich Moiſture from the finiſh'd Growth
Redundant now: for the late ſhooting Tubes
Drank all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,
Inſatiate; now full-grown they crave no more
Than what repairs their daily Waſte. But ſtill
There muſt be Loſs, nor does the Superplus
Turn all to thrift. For from Love's Grotto now
Oozes the ſanguine Stream thro' many a rill,
Startling the ſimple Laſs, that anxious glows
Inward, till bold Neceſſity o'ercomes
Her fond reluctant bluſhes, to conſult
Her Nurſe, well vers'd in myſtic Caſes deep,

At Chriſt'nings oft diſcuſs'd: when warm with wine
The mellow Matrons, by the midnight fire,
Lewd *Orgies* hold; while naked roams around,
His Torch high-flaming from the ſpicy bowl,
Luſt full of Glee, and thro' each lab'ring breaſt
His ſacred Fury pours. The *Sybil* ſolves
Sagely the dubious Caſe.—The riſing Down
Then too begins to ſkirt the hallow'd Bounds
Of *Venus'* bleſt Domain. In either Sex
This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,
Now when both Sides ſtand equal for the Fray,
This graceful Armour ſpreads, and, but for this
Excoriate oft the tender parts would rue
The cloſe Encounter; now they fight ſecure
Thus harneſs'd, and ſuſtain the mutual Shock

Of

Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

But if to progeny thy views extend
Paternal, and the name of Sire invites,
Wouldſt thou behold a thriving Race ſurround
Thy ſpacious Table; ſhun the ſoft Embrace
Emaſculant, till twice ten years and more
Have ſteel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite
Licenſe the Bliſs. Nor would I urge, preciſe,
A total Abſtinence; this might unman
The genial Organs, unemploy'd ſo long,
And quite extinguiſh the prolific Flame,
Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd
On Kiſſes, ſweet repaſt! ambroſial joy!
Now preſs with gentle hand the gentle hand,

And, ſighing, now the Breaſts, that to the touch
Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, refuſe
Indulgence, while thy Paramour diſcreet
Aſpires no farther. Thus thou mayſt expect
Treaſure hereafter, when the Bridegroom, warm,
Trembling with keen Deſires, profuſely pours
The rich Collection of enamour'd years,
Exhauſtleſs, bleſſing all thy nuptial Nights.

But O my Son, whether the generous care
Of Propagation, and domeſtick Charge,
Or ſoft Encounter more attract, renounce
The Vice of Monks recluſe, the early Bane
Of riſing Manhood. Baniſh from thy Shades
Th' ungenerous, ſelfiſh, ſolitary Joy.

Hold

Hold, Parricide, thy hand! For thee alone
Did Nature form thee? for thy narrow ſelf
Grant thee the means of Pleaſure? Dream'ſt thou ſo?
That very ſelf miſtakes its wiſer aim;
Its finer ſenſe ungratified, unpleas'd,
But when from active ſoul to ſoul rebounds
The ſwelling mingling Tumult of Delight.
Hold yet again! ere idle Callus wrap
In ſullen Indolence th' aſtoniſh'd Nerves;
When thou may'ſt fret and teize thy ſenſe in vain,
And curſe too late th' unwiſely-wanton hours.
Impious, forbear! thus the firſt general Hail
To diſappoint, *increaſe and multiply*,
To ſhed thy Bloſſoms thro' the deſert air,
And ſow thy periſh'd Off-ſpring in the winds.

Unhallow'd Paſtime!——Tho' the factious Chief
Oft brew hot Inſurrection, rather hie
To Bagnio lewd or Tavern, nightly where
Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco*'s ken,
Remote, and light of Heaven (as erſt retir'd
The heaving *Gallick* Saints to the kind gloom
Of cliſt, or cave, or truſted barn, to hold
Forbidden Sabbaths) rather viſit thou
Thoſe haunts of publick Lewdneſs; oft tho' there
Sore Ills diſmay. Purſe, or the golden Pride
That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils
Of *Mexico*, *Peru*, and fartheſt *Ind*,
Or Watch time-meaſuring, oft ſubſtracted ſly
Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to cruſh
Thy ſlacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career

Of puiſſant Deeds, untimely ruſhes in
A forward boiſt'rous Wight, and from thy Arms
The paſſive Spouſe of all the Town demands.
Him, hung'ring after gold, nor Words can charm,
Nor more perſuaſive Wine: thy gold muſt pay
The violation of the *publick* Bed;
Or braver Steel muſt prove thy manly Arm,
In dubious Fight. Yet well if here could end
The mis'ry: Worſe perhaps enſues; a Train
Of Ills of tedious count and horrid name.
Such as of old diſtreſs'd the Man elſe ſquar'd
To God's own heart, but that he wide debauch'd
Jeruſalem's fair Daughters to his Flames
Unquench'd; nor from the holy Marriage-Bed
Refrain'd his looſe Embraces, when the Wife

Of wrong'd *Urias* he ſeduc'd; nor ſtopt
Till Murder crown'd his Luſt. Hence him the Wrath
Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long purſued
With ſore Diſeaſe, and fill'd his Loins with Pain.
All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night
Bedew'd his Couch with Tears; and ſtill his Groans
Breathe muſical in ſacred Song. What Woes!
What Pains he tried! But now this Plague attacks
With double rancour, and ſeverely marks
Modern Offenders: undermines at once
The Fame and Noſe, that by unſeemly Lapſe
Awkard deforms the human Face divine
With ghaſtly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they ſay,
Nice *Taliacotius'* Art, with ſubſtitute
From Porter's borrow'd or the callous Breech

Of

Of ſedentary Weaver, oft repair'd
Precarious, for no ſooner Fate demands
The parent Stock than (pious Sympathy!)
Revolts th' adopted Noſe.——Such Ills attend
Th' obſcene Embrace of Harlots. Wiſer thou

FIND ſome ſoft Nymph whom tender Sympathy
Attracts to thee, while all her Captives elſe,
Aw'd by majeſtick Beauty, mourn aloof
Her charms to thee, by nuptial Vows, and Choice
More ſure, devoted. Sacrifice to her
The precious hours, nor grudge with ſuch a Mate
The Summer's day to toy or Winter's night.
Now with your happy Arms her Waiſt ſurround,
Fond-graſping; on her ſwelling Boſom now

Recline

Recline your Cheek, with eager Kiſſes preſs
Her balmy Lips, and drinking from her Eyes
Reſiſtleſs Love, the tender Flame confeſs,
Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice
Of genuine Joy; then hug and kiſs again,
Stretch'd on the flow'ry turf, while joyful glows
Thy manly Pride, and throbbing with Deſire
Pants earneſt, felt thro' all the obſtacles
That intervene: but Love, whoſe fervid Courſe
Mountains nor Seas oppoſe, can ſoon remove
Barriers ſo ſlight. Then when her lovely Limbs,
Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,
Thro' all your trembling Joints increaſe the Flame;
Forthwith diſcover to her dazzled ſight
The ſtately Novelty, and to her Hand

Uſher the new Acquaintance. She perhaps
Averſe will coldly chide, and half afraid,
Bluſhing, half pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view
With Neck retorted and oblique Regard;
Nor quite her curious Eye indulging, nor
Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt
The ſweet Admiſſion, toyful ſhe reſiſts
With ſhy Reluctance; nathleſs you purſue
The ſoft Attack, and puſh the gentle War,
Fervent, till quite o'erpower'd the melting Maid
Faintly oppoſes. On the Brink at laſt
Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in
Precipitant, but ſpare a Virgin's Pain;
Oh! ſpare a gentle Virgin! ſpare your ſelf!
Leſt ſanguine War Love's tender Rites profane

With fierce Dilaceration, and dire Pangs
Reciprocal. Nor droop becauſe the Door
Of Bliſs ſeems ſhut and barricaded ſtrong;
But triumph rather in this faithful Pledge
Of Innocence, and fair Virginity
Inviolate. And hence the ſubtile Wench,
Her maiden Honours torn, in evil hour
Unſeemly torn, and ſhrunk her virgin Roſe,
Studious how beſt the guilty Wound to heal,
Her Shame beſt palliate with fair outward ſhew,
Inward leſs ſtrict, with painful hand collects
The ſylvan ſtore. The lover *Myrtle* yields
Her ſtyptick Berries, and the horrid *Thorn*
Its Prune auſtere; in vain the *Caper* hides
Its wand'ring Roots; the mighty *Oak* himſelf,

Sole Tyrant of the Shade, that long had ſcap'd
The Tanner's rage, ſpoil'd of his callous Rhind,
Stands bleak and bare. Theſe, and a thouſand more,
Of humbler growth and far inferior Name,
Biſtort, and *Dock*, and that way-faring Herb
Plantain, her various Forage, boil'd in Wine
Yield their aſtringent force, a Lotion prov'd
Thrice powerful to contract the ſhameful Breach.
Beware of theſe, for in our dangerous Days
Such Counterfeits abound; whom next to know
Concerns. And here expect no Dye of Wound,
No Wound is made; the corrugated parts,
Which ill-diſſembled Virtue (tho' ſevere,
Not wrinkled into Frowns when genuine moſt)
Relapſe apace, and quit their borrow'd Tone.

Yet judge with charity the varied Work
Of Nature's Hand. Perhaps the purple Stream,
Emollient Bath, leaves flexible and lax
The parts it lately waſh'd. But hapleſs he,
In nuptial Night, on whom a horrid Chaſm
Yawns dreadful, waſte and wild; like that thro' which
The wand'ring *Greek*, and *Cytherea*'s *Son*,
Diving, explor'd Hell's adamantine Gates:
An uneſſential Void; where neither Love
Nor Pleaſure dwells, where warm Creation dies
Starv'd in th' abortive Gulph; the dire Effects
Of Uſe too frequent, or for Love or Gold.

Now hear me *Lovers*, ye whoſe roving Hearts
No ſacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd;

Attentive

Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh
The Counſels ſage which, thro' thy raptur'd Breaſt,
To you th' auſpicious heavenly *Muſe* conveys:
The *Muſe*, no ſoothing Miniſter of Vice;
Tho' now in ſportive Vein to youthful Ears
She tunes her Song, to give Inſtruction grace.
Attend, ye Wiſe: No frantick *Bacchanal*,
No ſhameleſs Bard of the licentious Rout
Of fluſh'd *Silenus*, ſings.—What *Nature* bids
Is good, is wiſe, and faultleſs we obey.
We muſt obey; howe'er hard *Stoick* dreams
Of *Apathy*, much vaunted, ſeldom prov'd:
For oft beneath the philoſophick Gloom
Sly *Lewdneſs* lurks, and oftner mazy *Guile*,
That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart

Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays.
There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,
And dark *Revenge*, than which a deadlier Fiend
Ne'er poiſon'd mortal Breaſt, nor urg'd the Soul
To ruthleſs Purpoſe and inhuman Deeds.
Far hence be Theſe. We know great *Nature*'s power,
Mother of Things, whoſe vaſt unbounded Sway
From the deep Center all around extends
Beyond the flaming Barriers of the World.
We feel her power; we ſtrive not to repreſs
(Vainly repreſs'd, or to Deformity)
Her lawful Growth; ours be the Taſk alone
To check her rude Excreſcences, to prune
Her wanton Overgrowth, and where ſhe ſtrays
In uncouth Shapes to lead her gently back,
With prudent Hand, to Form and better Uſe.

For wiſeſt Ends this univerſal *Power*
Gave *Appetites*, from whoſe quick Impulſe Life
Subſiſts, by which we only live, all life
Inſipid elſe, unactive, unenjoy'd.
Hence too this peopled Earth, which, That extinct,
That Flame for *Propagation*, ſoon would roll
A lifeleſs Maſs, and vainly cumber Heaven.
Then love of Pleaſure ſways each heart, and we
From that no more than from our ſelves can fly.
Blameleſs when govern'd well. But where it errs
Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill,
Public or private, there its curbing Power
Cool Reaſon muſt exert.——This Leſſon weigh,
Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,
Each fondeſt Wiſh, and bath your Souls in Love.

But

But let Diſcretion guide unruly Bliſs,
Virtuous in Pleaſure. So you ſhall enjoy
Pleaſure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Roſe.
This Caution ſcorn'd, beware th' Event perverſe:
Expect for Pleaſure, Pain and ſharp Remorſe;
For Love, Averſion; and each broken Vow
The jeſt of Fools, the pity of the Wiſe.

Be ſecret, Lovers. Let no dangerous Spy
Catch your ſoft Glances, as oblique they deal
Mutual Contagion, darting all the Soul
In miſſive Love, nor hear your lab'ring Sighs.
But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,
Impatient, to ſoft Deeds, then then retire
From every mortal ken. *The ſapient King*

(Whoſe

(Whoſe Loves who could defame?) in the mild Gloom,
Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid,
Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian *Spouſe.*
Find then ſome ſoft obſcure retreat, untrod
By mortals elſe, where thick-embow'ring Shades
Condenſe to darkneſs and embrown the day;
There, ſafe from all prophane acceſs, purſue
Love's baſhful Rites. For oft the curious eye
Of prying Childhood, and th' Aſpect malign,
Waning, and wan, of Virgin ſtale in years,
Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love.
And thou, my Son, when floods of mellowing wine
And ſocial joys have looſen'd all thy breaſt,
When every Secret guſhes, this at leaſt
This one reſerve, of Love and bounteous Charms

Of

Of truſting Beauty; venturing all for thee,
For thy Delight her Fortune and her Fame;
For her thou nothing. Hold! Ingrateful, hold
Thy wanton tongue. Leave to the laſt of Fools,
Of Villains! that ungenerous Vanity,
Cruel and baſe, to vaunt of ſecret Joys;
Of Joys on thee, ſo vaunting, ill beſtow'd.
O dare not thus with mortal ſting to wound
The tender helpleſs Sex. Does thy vile Breath
So blaſt my Siſter's, or my Daughter's Fame,——
By Heaven thou dy'ſt! thy treacherous Blood alone
Can waſh my Honour clean. Prudent meantime,
Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong;
Let not the mean Deſtroyer e'er approach
Your ſacred charms. Now muſter all your Pride,

Contempt,

Contempt, and Scorn, that ſhot from Beauty's Eye
Confounds the mighty Impudent, and ſmites
The Front unknown to Shame. Truſt not his Vows,
His labour'd Sighs, and well-diſſembled Tears,
Nor ſwell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love
Grown indiſcreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell
Th' important Secret: Is thy Mate well form'd,
Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed,
Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy,
And lonely Shame; let Wedlock's holy tie
Legitimate th' indiſſoluble flames.
If abject birth, diſhonourable, and mind
Incultivate or vicious, to that height

Forbid her hopes to climb; at leaſt ſecure
From Penury her humble ſtate, by thee
Elſe humbled more, and to Neceſſity,
Stern Foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life, betray'd,
A helpleſs Prey. O! let no Parent's Woe,
No plaints of truſting Innocence, nor Tears
Of pining Beauty, blaſt thy guilty Joys.
Shall ſhe, ſo late the ſoftener of thy Life,
Thy chief Delight, whoſe melting Eſſence oft
Lay with thy melting Eſſence kindly mix'd
(As far as Bodies and embodied Souls
Can mingle) ſhe, who deem'd thy Vows ſincere,
Thy Paſſion more than ſelfiſh, and thy Love
To her devoted, as was her's to thee;
Shall ſhe (O! cruel Perfidy) at laſt

When with her tainted Name the Winds grow ſick,
When envious Prudery chides, affecting ſcorn
Of natural Joys, and they of *publick Fame*
Inſulting hail her Siſter, while each Friend
Diſguſted flies; ſhall ſhe not find in thee
Unſhaken Amity? When to thy Arms,
Well-known, with wonted confidence ſhe flies,
To pour her ſorrows forth, and ſooth her cares,
Shall ſhe then find thy faithleſs Heart from home,
From her eſtrang'd? At that diſaſt'rous Hour
Wilt thou ungently ſpurn her from thy Love?
To waſte in ſickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms,
Forlorn to languiſh out her Life, to lead
Deſpis'd, unwedded, her diſhonour'd days?
Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee,

Scowls meagre want (whoſe iron empire Pride,
Reluctant, and her Off-ſpring Modeſty
Bluſhing at laſt obey) unſkill'd in Arts
Of mercenary *Venus*, to increaſe
The rompiſh Band that, without Pleaſure lewd,
With deep-felt ſorrow gay, thro' *Trivia*'s reign
Nightly ſollicite Lovers; oft repuls'd,
Oft, when invited to the barren Toil,
Thankleſs deſerted by their ſlippery Loves.
Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Luſt
Uncouth and monſtrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,
Patient ſubmitted; to the boiſt'rous will
Of midnight Ruffians, to abhorr'd Diſeaſe,
Hourly expos'd, and *Draco*'s fiercer Rage.
Spare, mighty *Draco!* ſpare a hapleſs race,

By thy own Sex to Wretchedneſs betray'd.
A Woman bore thee; by each tender Name
Of Woman, ſpare. Haſt thou or Daughter fair,
Or Siſter? They, but for a happier Birth,
The Gift of Fate, and Honour's Guardian, Pride
Early inſpir'd, had ſwell'd the common Stream.
While ſhe whom now thy awful Name diſmays,
Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles
And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed,
A virtuous Mate, in every Charm compleat.

A pious Duty next, neglected oft,
Demands my Song. If from thy ſecret Bed
Of Luxury unbidden Off-ſpring riſe,
Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.

'Tis

'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's high Beheſts
Attend, and from the monſter-breeding Deep,
The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderneſs,
Learn parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear
Be more a Sire than thou? An Infant once,
Helpleſs and weak, but for paternal Care,
Thou had'ſt not liv'd to propagate a Race
To Miſery, to reſign to Step-dame Fate
Perhaps a worthier Off-ſpring than thy Sire
Tenderly rear'd. For from the ſtoll'n Embrace,
Untir'd with worn Acquaintance, keenly urg'd,
Elate with generous Rapture, likelieſt ſprings
The nobleſt Brood, moſt animated, beſt.
What Heroes hence have iſſued! what fam'd Chiefs!
And Demy-gods, of old! The Stealth of Love

Gave

Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome*
First roſe beneath a random Son of *Mars*.
Thy Vigour too, the Bloſſom of thy Strength,
Reckleſs and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days,
Or in the Senate wiſe, and nobly warm
To publick Good, may ſave the ruſhing State;
Or, bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth
To ſhatter diſtant Skies, and rous'd to Blood
Uſher the *Britiſh Lion* to the Field.
Thy Country claims thy care; nurſe well her Hopes,
And thine; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,
Hight *Overſeers*, with thy own Children's gore
Satiate, if Rapine know Satiety.
For, bred to Death, and of ſagacious Noſe,
A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell

Of

Of ſecret Birth, their Carnage ſweet, or led
By infant Wailings, querulous, and ſhrill,
Beſet thy frighted Gates. Theſe timely thou
Prevent, or mourn too late thy raviſh'd Gold
And captive Son; to the ſtreet-dunning Tribe
Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge
Of low Diſtreſs: there to what life of Pain
Led up who knows? to what diſgraceful Fate,
What Gibbet, bred? Or from his Parent's Arms,
With Nurſe unpitying, unbenign, exil'd
To ſqualid Lodge, to find in Famine's Cave
A ling'ring Death; or by a deadlier Hag,
Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppreſs'd,
Untimely ſink beneath a heavier Fate.
While they, the Sons of licens'd Rapine, ſcreen'd

Under

Under the Altar of the God of Life
With Murder ſtain'd, or what ſhould raiſe thy Son
Nightly regale, carnivorous; for them
The Heifer bleeds, or for her ſlaughter'd Young
Roams wild the woodland Bounds; and what ſhould now
To thy young Hopes run ſoft in balmy Rills
Lacteous, to them in deep *Oporto* flows,
Or hot *Madeira*. Thus the ſanguine Feaſt
They crown, nor dread the Cry of infant Blood.

THESE Precepts wiſely keep, by theſe direct
Thy Steps thro' Pleaſure's Labyrinth. Unhurt
And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd Feet
May tread the Wilds of elſe-deluſive Joy.

So ſhall no ſorrows wound, no ruder cares
Diſturb thy Pleaſures, no remorſeful Tears
Attend thy gay delight; nor Sighs make way,
But ſuch as heave the pleaſure-burden'd Breaſt,
As utter Love, with ſpeechleſs Eloquence
Well underſtood, and breathe from Soul to Soul
The ſoft Infection, fondly ſtill receiv'd.
Almighty *Love!* O unexhauſted ſource
Of univerſal Joy! firſt Principle
Of *Nature* all-creating! Harmony
By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd!
Soft Tyrant of each Element! whoſe Sway
Reſiſtleſs thro' the Wilds of Air is felt,
Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main!
Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power,

In us ſupreme, with kind Endearments rais'd
Above the merely-ſenſual Touch of Brutes.
By thy ſoft Charm the ſavage Breaſt is tam'd,
The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly Warmth inſpires
Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane,
Or elegant; whate'er adorns the Mind,
Graces or ſweetens Life: and without thee
Nothing or gay or amiable appears.

YET not to Love (thus poliſhing the Soul,
Thus charming, tho' of every finer Breaſt
The ſovereign Joy) yet not to Love alone
Yield languid all your Hours. The ſelf-ſame Cates
Still offer'd ſoon the Appetite offend;
The moſt delicious ſooneſt. Other Joys,

Other Purſuits, their equal Share demand
Of Cultivation. Theſe with kindly Change
Will chear your ſweetly-varied Days; from theſe
With quicker Senſe you ſhall and firmer Nerves
Return to Love, when Love again invites.
Be thoſe the leaſt neglected which inform
With Virtue, Senſe, and Elegance, the Mind:
Thoſe what before was amiable improve,
And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity.
Life too has ſerious Cares, which madly ſcorn'd
The means of Pleaſure melt.—And Age will come,
When Love, alas! the Flower of human Joys,
Muſt ſhrink in horrid Froſt. O hapleſs he!
Thrice hapleſs then! whoſe only Joy was That;
Whoſe young Deſires tumultuous ſtill engage

To wield a Load of unobedient Limbs,
With vain Attempt. Him the inclement Power
Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys
Than other Dotage knows, or eaſy-dup'd
Credulity can well believe, incites.
Him all the Nymphs deſpiſe, and the young Loves
With leering Scorn behold; while vigorous Heat
Has fled his ſhaken Limbs, ſurviving ſtill
In his green Fancy. Thence what deſperate Toil
By Flagellation, and the rage of Blows,
To rouſe the *Venus* loitering in his Veins!
Fruitleſs, for *Venus* unſollicited
The kindeſt ſmiles, abhorring painful Rites.
Ceaſe, reverend Fathers! from thoſe youthful Sports
Retire, before unfiniſh'd Feats betray

Your ſlacken'd Nerves. The hoary Years, deſign'd
For Wiſdom, for ſedate Philoſophy,
And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.
Chearful retire: nor grudge in peeviſh Saws,
Like envious Monitors, the ſprightly Joys
Of luſty Youth. You had the genial Time
Of Pleaſure; ours is on the rapid Wing.

And you whoſe youthful Blood impetuous rolls,
With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,
Huſband your Vigour well; if aught or Health,
Or Off-ſpring numerous, beautiful, and ſtrong,
Or Pleaſure weigh. For from the trite Embrace
Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,
Diſguſt, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.

Some boaſt, I know, their Vigor to renew
And keen Deſire, by Food reſtorative,
Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence,
Laſcivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd,
And that maritime, which the ſea-born Queen
Feeds with her native Spume, *Eryngo* mild;
Boletus, fam'd among the fungous Tribe,
And fell *Cantharides*, in various Forms
Are us'd. But what enſues? Diſeaſes more
Than ever burden'd *Auſter*'s dropping Wings.
Cold *Tremors*, *Spaſms*, and *Cephalæa's* dire,
Eternal Flux of Nature's balmy *Dew*,
Tabes, and gaunt *Maraſmus*, hideous Loſs
Of godlike Reaſon, and th' impriſon'd rage
Of fierce *Lipyria*, whoſe collected Fires

The Vitals only ſeize. Or if the Sons
Of jaded Luxury thoſe Plagues eſcape,
They waſte their melting Youth, and bring grey Hairs
Before their time, grey Hairs and idle Years.
Leave Nature to herſelf, nor covet more
Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants
Each well-conducted Appetite provokes.

But chiefly thee, fair Nymph, behoves to know
That Love and Joy when in their Prime moſt fear
Decay, the Fate of all created Things.
Be frugal then: the coyly-yielded Kiſs
Charms moſt, and gives the moſt ſincere Delight.
Cheapneſs offends, hence on the Harlot's Lip
No Rapture hangs, however fair ſhe ſeem,

However form'd for Love or amorous Play,
Hail *Modeſty!* fair Female Honour hail!
Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's ſelf!
For Beauty muſt with Virtue ever dwell,
And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charm
Beauty is inſolent and Wit profane.
Thou giv'ſt the Smile its Grace, the heighten'd Kiſs
Its balmy Eſſence ſweet! and but for thee
The very Raptures of the lawful Bed,
Were Outrage and foul Riot, Rites obſcene!
Celeſtial *Maid!* be it lawful that with Lips
Profane I name thee, and in wanton Song.
But in theſe vicious Days great *Nature's* Laws
Are ſpurn'd; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time,
Nor Place can change, nor Cuſtom changing all,

Is mock'd to ſcorn ; and *lewd Abuſe* inſtead,
Daughter of Night, her ſhameleſs Revels holds
O'er half the Globe, while the chaſte Face of Day
Eclipſes at her Rites. For Man with Man,
And Man with Woman (monſtrous to relate!)
Leaving the natural Road, themſelves debaſe
With Deeds unſeemly, and Diſhonour foul.
Britons, for ſhame! Be Male and Female ſtill.
Baniſh this foreign Vice; it grows not here,
It dies neglected ; and in Clime ſo chaſte
Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive.
So cultivated ſwells the more our Shame,
The more our Guilt. And ſhall not greater Guilt
Meet greater Puniſhment and heavier Doom ?
Not lighter for Delay. Did Juſtice ſpare

The Men of *Sodom* erſt? Like us they ſinn'd,
Like us they ſought the Paths of monſtrous Joy;
Till, urg'd to Wrath at laſt, all-patient Heaven
Deſcending wrapt them in ſulphureous Storm.
And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts
Of Luxury, now ſleeps a ſullen Pool:
Vengeful Memorial of almighty Ire,
Againſt the Sons of Lewdneſs exercis'd!

THE END.

The Men of Sodom err? Like us they sinn'd,
Like us they fought the Paths of monstrous Joy;
Till, urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven
Defcending wrapt them in fulphureous Storm.
And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts
Of Luxury, now deeps a fullen Pool:
Vengeful Memorial of almighty Ire,
Against the Sons of Lewdnefs exercis'd!

THE END.